

Actus Secunda.

Enter the Princeesse of France, with three attending Ladies,
and three Lords.

Boyet. Now Madam summon vp your dearest spirits,
Consider who the King your father sends:
To whom he sends, and what's his Embassie.
Your selfe, held precious in the worlds esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritour
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of no lesse weight
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a Queene.
Be now as prodigall of all deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

Queen. Good *L. Boyet*, my beauty though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:
Beauty is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vttered by base sale of chapmens tongues:
I am lesse proud to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your wit in the praise of mine,
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,

Prin. You are not ignorant all-telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a vow,
Till painefull studie shall out-weare three yeares,
No woman may approach his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure, and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthinesse, we single you,
As our best mouing faire soliciter:
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious businesse crauing quick dispatch,
Importunes personall conference with his grace.
Haste, signifie so much while we attend,
Like humble visag'd suiters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I goe. *Exit.*
Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
Who are the Votaries my louing Lords, that are vrow-
fellowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. *Longanill* is one.

Prin. Know you the man?

Lady. I know him Madame at a marriage feast,
Betweene *L. Perigort* and the beaution heire
Of *Iaques Fauconbridge* solemnized.

In *Normandie* saw I this *Longanill*,
A man of soueraigne parts he is esteem'd:
Well fitted in Arts, glorious in Armes:
Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.
The onely foyle of his faire vertues glosse,
If vertues glosse will staine with any foile,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a Will:
Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wills,
It should none spare that come within his power.

Prin. Some merry mocking Lord belike, is't so?

Lad. 1. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liu'd wits do wither as they grow.
Who are the rest?

Lad. 2. The yong *Dumaine*, a well accomplisht youth,

Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued.
Most power to doe most harme, least knowing ill:
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though she had no wit.
I saw him at the Duke *Alanses* once,
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report to his great worthinesse.

Rossa. Another of these Students at that time,
Was there with him, as I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
Ineuer spent an houres talke withall.
His eye begets occasion for his wit,
For euery object that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing iest.
Which his faire tongue (conceits expositor)
Deliuers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauished.
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God blefse my Ladies, are they all in loue?
That euery one her owne hath garnished,
With such bedecking ornaments of praise.

Ma. Heere comes *Boyet*.

Enter *Boyet*.

Prin. Now, what admittance Lord?

Boyet. *Nauar* had notice of your faire approach,
And he and his competitors in oath,
Were all addrest to meete you gentle Lady
Before I came: Martie thus much I haue learnt,
He rather meanes to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
Then seeke a dispensation for his oath:
To let you enter his vnpeopled house.

Enter *Nauar*, *Longanill*, *Dumaine*, and *Berowne*.

Heere comes *Nauar*.

Nau. Faire Princeesse, welcom to the Court of *Nauar*.

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcomel
haue not yet: the rooffe of this Court is too high to bee
yours, and welcome to the wide fields, too base to be
mine.

Nau. You shall be welcome Madame to my Court.

Prin. I wil be welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nau. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oath.

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'll be forsworne.

Nau. Not for the world faire Madame, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

Nau. Your Ladiship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne our Housekeeping:
'Tis deadly sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
And sinne to breake it:

But pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a Teacher ill bescemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainly resoluie me in my suite.

Nau. Madame, I will, if sodainly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away,

For you'll proue perit'd if you make me stay.

Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Rossa. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. 1

Ber. I know you did.

Rossa. How needlesse was it then to ask the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Rossa. 'Tis long of you y spur me with such questions.

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 'twill tire.

Rossa. Not till it leaue the Rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Rossa. The howre that fooles should aske.

Ber. Now faire befall your maske.

Rossa. Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you many louers.

Rossa. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gone.

Kim. Madame, your father heere doth intimate,

The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

Being but th'one halfe, of an intire summe,

Disburst by my father in his warrs.

But say that he, or we, as neither haue

Receiu'd that summe; yet there remains vnpaid

A hundred thousand more: in surety of the which,

One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,

Although not valued to the moneys worth.

If then the King your father will restore

But that one halfe which is vnstified,

We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

And hold faire friendship with his Maicstie:

But that it seemes he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to haue repaie,

An hundred thousand Crownes, and not demands

One payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,

To haue his title liue in *Aquitaine*.

Which we much rather had depart withall,

And haue the money by our father lent,

Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.

Deare Princeesse, were not his requests so farre

From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make

A yeelding gainst some reason in my brest,

And goe well satisfied to *France* againe.

Prin. You doe the King my Father too much wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,

In so vnseeming to confesse receyue

Of that which hath so faithfully bene paid.

Kim. I doe protest I neuer heard of it,

And if you proue it, Ile repay it backe,

Or yeeld vp *Aquitaine*.

Prin. We arrest your word:

Boyet, you can produce acquitances

For such a summe, from speciall Officers,

Of *Charles* his Father.

Kim. Satisfie me so.

Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come

Where that and other specialties are bound,

To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Kim. It shall suffice me; at which enterview,

All liberall reason would I yeeld vnto:

Meane time, receiue such welcome at my hand,

As Honour, without breach of Honour may

Make tender of, to thy true worthinesse.

You may not come faire Princeesse in my gates,

But heere without you shall be so receiu'd,

As you shall deeme your selfe lodg'd in my heart,

Though so deni'd farther harbour in my house.

Your owne good thoughts excuse me, and farewell,

To morrow we shall visit you againe.

Prin. Sweet health & faire desires consort your grace.

Kim. Thy own wish with I thee in euery place. *Exit.*

Boy. Lady, I will commend you to my owne heart.

La. Ro. Pray you doe my commendations,

I would be glad to see it.

Boy. I would you heard it grone.

La. Ro. Is the soule sicke?

Boy. Sicke at the heart.

La. Ro. Alacke, let it bloud.

Boy. Would that doe it good?

La. Ro. My Phisicke saies I.

Boy. Will you prick't with your eye.

La. Ro. No poynt, with my knife.

Boy. Now God saue thy life.

La. Ro. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thank'-giuing. *Exit.*

Enter *Dumaine*.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word: What Lady is that same?

Boy. The heire of *Alanson*, *Rosalin* her name.

Dum. A gallant Lady, Mounfier fare you well.

Long. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boy. A woman sometimes, if you saw her in the light.

Long. Perchance light in the light: I desire her name.

Boy. Shee hath but one for her selfe,

To desire that were a shame.

Long. Pray you sir, whose daughter?

Boy. Her Mothers, I haue heard.

Long. Gods blessing a your beard.

Boy. Good sir be not offended,

Shee is an heyre of *Faulconbridge*.

Long. Nay, my choller is ended:

Shee is a most sweet Lady. *Exit. Long.*

Boy. Not vnlike sir, that may be.

Enter *Berowne*.

Ber. What's her name in the cap.

Boy. *Katherine* by good hap.

Ber. Is she wedded, or no.

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. You are welcome sir, adieu.

Boy. Fare well to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit.*

La. Ma. That last is *Berowne*, the merry mad-cap Lord.

Not a word with him, but a iest.

Boy. And euery iest but a word.

Pri. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boy. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to boord.

La. Ma. Two hot Sheepes marie: ym oM

And wherefore not Ships?

Boy. No Sheepe (sweet Lamb) vnlesse we feed on your

La. You Sheepe & I pasture: shall that finish the iest?

Boy. So you grant pasture for me.

La. Not so gentle beast.

My lips are no Common, though feuerall they be

Bo. Belonging to whom?

La. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be iangling, but gentles agree.

This ciuill warre of wits were much better vsed

On *Nauar* and his bookemen, for heere 'tis abus'd.

Bo. If my obseruation (which very seldom lies

By the hearts still rhetoricke, disclosed with eyes)

Deceiue me not now, *Nauar* is infected,

Prin. With what?

Bo. With that which we Louers intitle affected.

Prin. Your reason.

Bo. Why all his behaviours doe make their retire,

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire.

His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,

Proud